

important ceremony. I enclosed stamps and postmarked my letter to be returned if not delivered. I received no response. I addressed two communications to Mr. Houston with a similar result. Having learned thru others that Dr. Talmage evaded giving the facts as set forth in his editorial, and that Mr. Houston denied the tri unity of actions, and the forward posture, I made inquiry of Mr. Klopsh the publisher of the *Christian Herald*, whether Dr. Talmage had an amanuenses, or whether he wrote his own editorials. Receiving no response from him I felt it a duty to God, our Holy Christianity, and our common humanity to make farther research and as a result I offer the following facts and statements as certified to and signed under seal.

Elder J. F. Neher of Saginaw, Texas, writes: "Not long since we announced thru a Decatur, (Texas) journal that we would deliver two discourses on trine immersion giving date and place.

In the first discourse we gave our scriptures for trine immersion by the forward action. In our last we illustrated by a chart the historical facts given in ancient church history.

We also referred to some learned and noted men of modern times, whose convictions were that trine immersion was the apostolic mode. Among others we mentioned Mr. Talmage and the way he administered baptism in Jordan.

At the close of the service a refined looking gentleman by the name of Mr. Underwood, (who proved to be a historian) asked permission to occupy fifteen minutes. This was granted. In his remarks he spoke well of the effort we had made, and endorsed the historical facts as we gave them.

Referring to the baptism of Mr. Houston in Jordan, he said: "I was in Palestine at the time and witnessed that baptism. Mr. Talmage did baptize W. Houston by trine immersion and by the forward action."

He further stated that he had seen many baptisms among the Greeks and in every case it was administered by trine immersion.

This certifies that the within is a true and correct statement as published in the *Gospel Messenger*, Vol. 36, No. 34, dated August 27, 1897, page 531, and contains the facts as stated by Rev. I. T. Underwood of Decatur, Texas, on the 10th day of August, 1898, in a meeting held by me in Wise Co., near Decatur, Texas. In witness whereof I do hereunto set my hand and seal this 5th day of March, A. D., 1899.

Elder J. F. NEHER.

We the undersigned citizens of Wise & Tarrant Co., and state of Texas were present when elder J. F. Neher preached in Wise Co., near Decatur, Texas, on the

10th day of August 1898. We do most cheerfully certify that the statement (as published in the *Gospel Messenger*, Vol. 36, No. 34, P. 531, dated Aug. 27, 1898,) relating to the baptism of Mr. Houston, in the River Jordan was made by Rev. I. T. Underwood who was formerly a minister of the (Christian,) or Campbellite church; but now a minister of the M. Baptist church. In witness whereof we do set our hands and seals this 25th day of March, A. D., 1899.

E. M. KIDWELL.  
F. K. BOWMAN.

## Home Circle

### How Grace Earned Her Pennies

Some days I wiped the dishes,  
I did it very nice;  
Katie said she'd hire me,  
And let me set my price.

One day I hemmed a towel,  
One day I kept quite still;  
Once I carried mamma's toast,  
The time that she was ill.

I get so many pennies  
My sister says that she  
Believes I have been shaking  
The fairies' 'Penny Tree."

But she is wrong, for every one  
I earned the best I could  
By working hard; and most of them  
I got for being good.

—*Children's Missionary Friend.*

### FOLLOWED BY HIS MOTHER'S LOVE

H. WILSON LYDICK

No, the love of the mother-heart cannot be crushed out. The boy may develop into a criminal and depart far from the path of righteousness, but he can depend upon his mother's love. How mean and meager a requital is sometimes given to the mother's quenchless devotion. Down in Texas, several years ago, a middle aged man was convicted in court of stealing and sent to the penitentiary for a long term. He was duly sentenced and the sheriff fixed a day upon which he should be taken to the state prison. The day arrived and the official, with a string of convicts handcuffed together, was at the station waiting for the train. While the group sat in the depot, a little old woman in black, with a face in which the fingers of sorrow had pinched great furrows, appeared at the door. She looked at the string of prisoners intently, then a light of recognition came into her face. She stepped over to the group of unfortunates and laid her hand on the arm of a big, course fellow with a heavy, red mustache. The man turned and looked at the little woman. "Mother," he exclaimed. That was all. Big tears came into his eyes. They did not stay there, but crowded one another out to chase down the rough face, red now with shame. They ran into the big mustache and off the ends of it. Then he recovered himself. The little woman was not crying—people sometimes get beyond that. "What— are— you— doing— here?" the big man sobbed. "I came, my son,"

said the little woman with furrows in her face, "to see you off." "To see me off?" The man was dazed. "Yes, Henry. When you was such a little boy that you had never been out of the home yard alone, I went to the gate with you the first day you ever went to the store by yourself. I watched you the three blocks of the distance until your chubby feet carried you into the little country store your father kept. Then when you were six and started for school, I went to the gate with you again, and told you how to act in the school room. You went away on a visit when you were ten, and I went to the depot with you and your uncle then, and I kissed you good bye before the cars started." How the tears were flowing from that big man's eyes. "Yes," and the little woman sighed a bit. "Then you got to be sixteen and wanted to go to St. Louis. It was hard to part with you, but we did it—your father and I—and I went to the little depot with you and kissed you. You remember, don't you?" The other prisoners were interested now, and the sheriff took in every word. "Then you were married, Henry. I went to see you bound by law and God to that sweet, dear Mary who is now ——" "Don't—don't—don't!" almost shrieked the big man. "Yes," the little woman went on, unheeding, "and now you are going away again, and I must kiss you. The train is coming, Henry, kiss your old mother." The sheriff had not moved. Ordinarily he would have told the man to hurry on. But he waited now. The big man bowed and tried to hide his menaced hands. "Kiss me, Henry," the old lady repeated. The head moved lower, and the big red mustache almost covered the little face with the furrows in it. Then the gang started to the train. As the cars began to move, the little woman stood on the platform. She caught a glimpse of her big son thru the car window. She waved a little black bordered handkerchief at him. "Good-bye, Henry," she called out feebly, and then, thru force of habit formed when she sent her little son to school, she murmured: "Be—a good boy."

One of that gang of prisoners told afterward that the little scene in the depot was a greater punishment to each man there than his respective term of imprisonment.

### The Happiest Little Boy

Christian Observer.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw today," asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess it was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy; and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."